## AND BATTUES

BY FREDERIC HARRISON.

I am all for active exercise in the air, in the open country as far as possible, the wilder the better. I have been a rider zearly all my life, and was once caught in the hunting field by Anthony Trollope. who seemed to think it very funny to meet me there. I have been a mountaineer and have done the principal peaks and passes of the Alps. I know the Pyrenees, the Apennines and the mountains of Tyrol and of Greece. I have often climed Ben Nevis, Ben Lomond, Helvellyn, Snowdon, and have tramped any time these sixty years over the finest moors in England, Wales and Scotland; nor did I ever feel a more glorious sense of life than when this last autumn I was taking my solitary rambles over the deer forests of Rosshire and Skye, And withal, knowing more of mountains moors and forests than most professed mortsmen. I make hold to say that "game reserving" as now practiced in England is a social nuisance and a public curse and that "battue shooting," as now develis a stupid, idle, snobbish form of sped, is a stupid, idle, snobbish form of sport. The man who delivers himself over to shooting as the end of life becomes a tiresome boor, intellectually below the head game-keeper, a lump of brutal selfishness and vulgar swagger. He knows nothing really of nature; the glories of the country are lost to him; he is blind to them; he is unworthy of enjoying them, even if he had senses to perceive them. senses to perceive them.

Now, I am neither vegetarian nor humanharian. I can enjoy the leg of a pheasant a grouse. I am sometimes called is being taken round us, and lethal chamber for the unnecessary biped. I am no mawkish sentimentalist If my horse had broken his leg and ther was no one to save him or to kill him. I could put the pistol to his brain myself. Or I could cut a lamb's throat, if meat must beast such as an antiered stag. I should prefer to lose my own little finger. It won't to tell me I don't know what 'sport' I have been out on the glaclers with sportsmen of Norfolk. I have een with I have lived for many years in Sur rey, Sussex and Kent, surrounded by big preserves; the pheasants troop across my passed in the moors, woods and hills and I say your modern battue is a vulgar and ignoble butchery—and as for a "big drive" being the tope of country enjoy-ment. I say it is the ruin of the country and the occupation of those who know othing of the country.

No one ever hears a confirmed battue man show the smallest interest in the country as nature. He is blind to its lovelines: deaf to the endless chirp, call and notes of the songsters, the "moan of doves in immemorial elms," the sough of the pine wood; he has no scent for the fragrance of earth and bank and heath. He drowns the wid thyme with tobacco smoke-the only songster he cares for is the croak and screech of the pheasant. All he wants is plenty stolen eggs and a crack place in the firing line. For this he pays in bank notes and swaggers about it at his club for a week. When you meet him at a country house or even at a town dinner party, he can talk of nothing but his last "bag"—"Sir George can show you better sport than Lord S."—and when he dies, the only truthful epitaph that could be graven on his tomb is that of Graf von Zahdarm's in "Sattor Resartus." quinquies mille perdrices plumbo confecit. An evening spent with S.r. George's gamekeeper would be more amusing and far more in-structive. He does know something about the secrets of nature and the ways of ani-mals. He rears hundreds for every one he kills, and whatever he kills is in the way of trade and not for amusement. To a man who really loves nature, sucks in its infi-nite forms at every pore of his body and watches it hour by hour and night and day. what is called "sport" is a vulgar disturb-ance, as if fellows handed round bottled

was one of the few thousands of bit-

ter New York lawsuits over that sa-

cred thing, money. The plaintiffs'

corporation through the humane gruel-

substituted for the crude and unpleasant

Cleverly and implacably the lawyer (who

had once defended the very corporation that

he was now attacking, and against almost

the same kind of charge), had led the man-

ager through an elevating recital of suz-

cessive financial mayhems and commercial

manslaughterings. Now, with one triumph-

the question which was to produce the cli-

"So," he cried, his voice trembling with

He squeezed a tear out of the eye that

held the jury; but it did not blind him to

the satisfying fact that he had the twelve

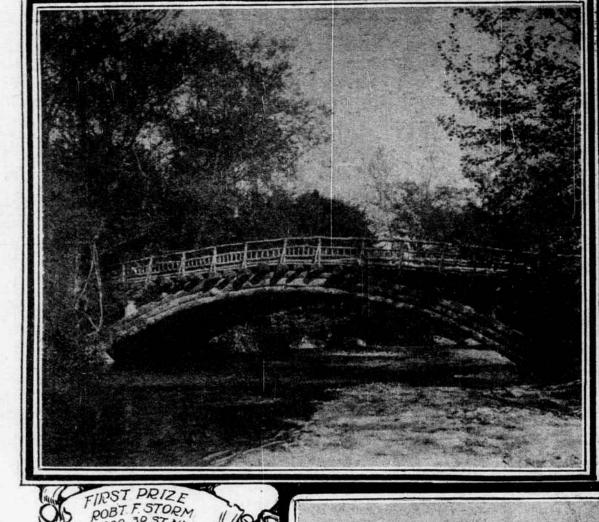
good men with him. They looked upon the

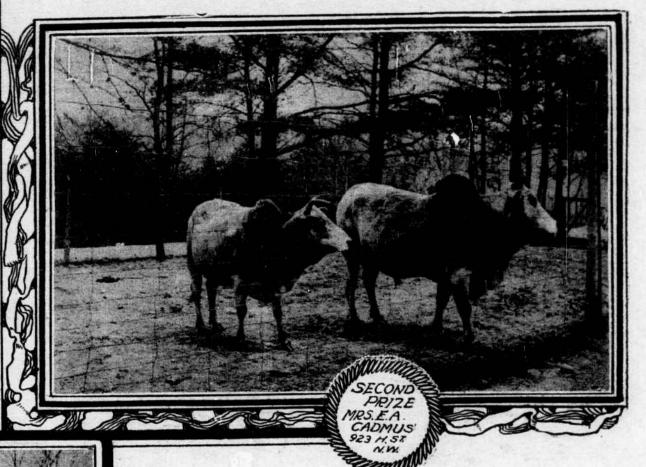
man in the witness box as other inquisitors

used to look upon the hated gentleman being squeezed in the fron boot.
"Sir," said the witness, "there was no

max of his efforts,







Winners of Prizes.

The following are the winners of prizes in The Sunday Star's photographic contest for last

FIRST PRIZE, \$5.00: Robert F. Strom, 1990 3d street northwest.

SECOND PRIZE, \$3.00: Mrs. E. A. Cadmus, 923 H street northwest—Zebuls from India.

THIRD PRIZE, \$2.00: S. Smith, 1524 Pierce place northwest.

hind a peat bank as if I were a gypsy

e is no room in this little crowded island for extensive "preserves," which ar the ruin of agriculture and the source of endless social mischiefs. Woods close to a great town swarming with birds breed poachers. The country lad who takes to poaching would not dream of stealing ducks off a pond or hens from a farm yard. He is the fine "young blood" of the place who has a taste for a gentlemanly amusement. The rotten system of county magistracies rests solely on the game interest. Farming law, and the practice of leasing land, is stout whilst we were trying to listen to a symphony of Beethoven. built up on game questions. English fural society, with all its old feudal restrictions Few sportsmen have seen as many moors and divisions, has been evolved out of the as I have, for I have been on the tramp innocent bird. He has avenged the masfor sixty years. But nothing would induce me to carry a gun, or anything but a good stick, possibly a map and a field glass; nor would I lie half the morning concealed be-

timber falls. High-class farmers with apital will not take your game conditions. So farms go to the thriftless and more squeezable tenants; and if these are defaulters and have to quit, the birds stay on, all the more, if the land lies waste The idea that landlords shoot on their own ands is an old-world convention. The great

iders, like furnished houses in Brighton or Belgravia, during the season. The outsiders are men with money, usually from a big trading center. The demand for "shootings" grows like that for motor cars as the hixury of the rich and a passport to "so-ciety." The Kaffir millionaire, the colonial boss, who wants to offer to royalty a bag of 5,000 per day, will give sums that run into six figures for a first-class shooting prop-erty. From him downward, to the syndicates of sporting butchers and smart bill-brokers, there is an unlimited market for sporting rents. Distressed owners have discovered, not gold mines on their estates, but game, which, one way with another, will bring in better returns than low-class farms. So that in large tracts of English land, and still more in Scotch land, agriculture goes out of fashion and game takes its place. In the home counties one may see miles of land quickly sinking into prairie condition, where the profits of wild things exceed those of laborious cultivation. The woods drop into swampy thickets; forestry rows and fences are left to decay in gaps and fragments; gates, barns and byres are suffered to rot. The syndicate of tradesmen from town pays regularly, and does not ask

I have seen an estate where two or three small houses with suitable gardens are let to respectable tenants-retired soldiers and professional men, who keep their own places trimly cared for. But thousands of acres round them have been allowed to go waste for years, being leased for "sport" to a syn-dicate from the city. The woods are pathless jungles, overgrown with brushwood and what it is today, harmless enough, however vapid. But nowadays, with hundreds of than to cultivate them in a regular vapid. But nowadays, with hundreds of the first thousands of rich men ready to spend any money to be "in the fashion," it is found money to be "in the fashion," it is found woods are best left in their native tangle. Pheasants grow constantly in price and process of the pastures are masses of the pastures ar

her! And in this!" He waved an arm com-

thundering canvas.

"You couldn't dare put a man on her,"

what else can you do, I'd like to know!"
"Pass a hawser to 'er and tow 'er!
roared Capt. Hank.

stern," answered Bill.

looked at the spouting wreck.
"We can try," said they.

"And tear out our mainmast or our whole

"There's thirty thousand dollars' worth of cargo aboard, according to this mani-

by a little salt water. If we only could tow The three men looked at each other. Then

they looked at the appalling sea. They

So presently the yawl made another mad

off with her from the Shinnecock. And

with this thin rope the men pulled a two-inch hawser aboard the bark. And when

that two-inch hawser had been quadrupled and bent on the steel cable on the wreck.

and the latter made fast to a bride around part of the bark's forecastle head, all was

ready for the job of salvage.

This little job, that is described so eas'ly

in a paragraph, took just five hours. The men were wet and iced from head to foot,

they were too stiff to leap aboard and had to be dragged in, and they were too nearly

frozen to speak. While they were being dragged in the yawl smashed herself into

neat little pieces against the vessel's side.

But everything had been well done,

With all the crew tailing on to the big

hawser, it slipped heavily off the bark's

Midnight came, and the manila hawser

was aboard at last and fast around the

mainmast with four turns, building up four feet of solid rope, and the steel cable whip-

ping up and down in the water as the

"The weather has gone down!" agreed

the three pilots and the boatkeeper. The

going down would have been passed unno-ticed by a landsman, for the sea was still

turning itself inside out and back again, and the whole universe seemed to be hum-

In the darkness and the wet and the cold

half an inch at a time.

Shinnecock began to pull.

ming with wind.

shouted Silas, who had been looking it. "And all stuff that can't be hurt

prehensively around the whole world.

conses of their own. Ant heaps weighing many hundredweights stud the soil and af-ford ample food for the birds. Miles of fencing, hedge rows and hurdling are going to wreck and ruin, and no longer would inclose a cow or a sheep, even if the pasture allowed them to feed. The casuals, who are called the beaters, break in wherever it suits them, for big gaps and broken gates invite the tramp or the gypsy to come along night and day for anything he can pick up. The unlucky tenants who have taken farms and residences on the property find their holding covered with thistledown, overrun with rabbits, birds, vermin of every kind, with which the lands round them swarm. No care can keep their gardens and mead-ows in good order in the neighborhood of such a plague. No wonder the "landed interest is distressed."

We need not fear that the means of healthy exercise are cut off, if this small island ever ceases to be a collection of shooting boxes. The world is still wide enough for big game for those who crave for it. There is good sport and dangerous too-in the Rockies-and Africa is a big continent and far from exhausted. Let us encourage these gentry who cannot live without killing to take a turn at tigers. costs money and disturbs the game; hedge I don't mean in a howdah on an elephantwhich is not a very noble sport-but real tiger hunting on foot, or killing leopard from a tree. That they tell me is exciting and far from easy. But there is a form of for new drainage works, repairs and reduc-tions, as troublesome farmers are fond of sport which might really be practiced with great benefit to the community, and would call out great qualities in the hunter. India and many other parts of the east, as of South America, suffer continually from venomous snakes and other reptiles. A man who could bring home 1,000 skins of rattlesnakes would really have something to boast of. Good sport may still be had with the larger saurians-though it is a beggarly game to lie on a bank and shoot a crocodile asleep with an explosive bullet.

arms, would be real test of skill a

The world is wide enough for fifty fields

of active exertion, with or without special risks, if that is all that is wanted. Even our island has room for plenty of healthy sport, which can be indulged in without ruining the country and without outrageous expense. The fashionable craze for drives and battues, is vulgar swagger to air one's purse and one's fine friends. There is neither active exercise nor enjoyment of nature in waiting on a seat about a damp cover for hours till the beaters have done their task. The "true sportsman" is the last man in the world to notice the loveliness of the land or to care for it if he did. If he says-"he cares for a day's shooting because it takes him on the moors," he might as well say he loves going to church because it lets him see some new pretty faces! When I tramp over a Westmorland moor, or a Ross-shire deer forest, 1 go alone with a stout stick and a field glass; my course is directed by the heights, whence I get the most glorious views; what I hunt is a mountain burn to its rock fall or its head spring; I can watch the grouse, or the peewit, or the heron, hour after hour without any wish to kill; the blacknosed ram, the Highland cattle, the antiered stag, are alike a sight of joy and freshness. I would as soon kill a lark as any one of the three. Or if I had to

## HANGED ON GHOST'S TESTIMONY Peculiar Trials Found Among British Court Records.

apare one, it should be the buck.

From the London Standard

The testimony of a "ghost" would not now count for much in a court of law but the day has been when it has sufficed to hang a man. It is stated that the original depositions are in the Bodlelan Library of most remarkable case of this character.

A girl named Anne Walker was supposed to have been sent away for her good by a substantial farmer. Some time afterward a so-called apparition appeared to a neighbor, with its head all bloody from wounds, and telling him that she had been murdered by the farmer and an accomplice. Her body, the apparition said, had been buried in a spot which she described, and she begged the man to whom she appeared to bring her murderers to justice. True enough, the ody was found in the place mentioned and the men were brought to trial. The sen-sational character of the case was intensisaw the child of the dead woman "sitting upon the shoulder" of its father, the farmer. Both the culprits were hanged.

There was a ghostly accuser in a case with which readers of Scott are familiar. Soon after the "'45" an English soldier wandering near Braemar met a violent death. Hawks do not peck out hawks een and no man opened his mouth to give a clew. Years passed and then came a story f a communication from another world. A farm servant declared that in the night

a spirit had appeared to him, declaring it-self to be the ghost of the soldier, whose bones it said lay still unburied. The High-lander must see to their decent interment and have the murderers, two men named, prought to justice. The Highlander prom-sed, but did not keep his word, and a sec ond and third time the spirit appeared and appraided him for his breach of faith. Alarmed at last and no longer daring to delay, the man called a companion, went to the spot which the spirit had indicated and there found the bones of the murdered warrior concealed in a moorland tract called the Hill of Christie.

The story of the Highlander came to

ears of an anti-Jacobite, who caused the matter to be brought to trial before the court of justiciary, Edinburgh. There the tale was corroborated by a woman who had seen a naked figure enter the place on the night spoken of by the man. It was an age of superstition, in a district more than commonly given to superstitions, and the jury seemed disposed to find the two men charged guilty of murder. But it happened that the principal witness spoke only Gaelic. "Now," said counsel for the de-

"in what language did the ghost "In as good Gaelic as I ever heard fense, speak?" "In as good Gaelic as I ever heard in Lochaber," was the reply, "Pretty good for the ghost of an English soldier," said counsel. And that question and comment saved the necks of the men at the bar. The jury could believe in a ghost, but not in an English ghost speaking Gaelic

## Distances in Venezuela.

From St. Nicholas.

In traveling in Venezuela it is not enough to ask how far distant a place is, but also how far up or down-in other words, what its altitude is-and, no less important, what hills and valleys have to be crossed. Thus it is not only necessary to know that Caracas is six miles distant in a straight line from La Guayra, its seaport, but that it lies at an elevation of nearly half a mile above All that need be said is this. There are still upon this planet masses of powerful sea level and that to reach it one has to cross a mountain wall rising far above the clouds. This, to the experienced traveler means that he must prepare for an entirely different climate.

more profitable in many counties, to leave | Pheasants grow constantly in price and THE LUCK OF THE ATLANTIC



"CUT AWAY!" YELLED CAP'T BILL LIKE A BULL

tions during the course of this utterly illegal It was business, according to your own answer. But the witness, who was at least s clever as the lawyer, made it so quickly

that it got in all right Then the judge indulged in the ingenious legal pastime of wiping out the reply by lawyer had put the manager of a big ordering it stricken from the record. And ain't the jury was instructed solemnly that the rible ing process that our refined civilization has remarks really had not been made, and that they had not heard them anyway, and that besides this they must forget them, and furthermore, they must not consider them in arriving at a verdict.

It was all exquisitely legal and celestially impartial. But the lawyer looked gloomily on the jury that had just been his, body, soul and verdict. He felt in his professional ant eye on the jury and one glittering eye bones that the magic words "business" and on the uncomfortable subject, he rose to "thirty thousand dollars," had retired the impracticable sentiments of friendship and gratitude back to their proper humble place, and that the verdict would be rendered in indignant grief, '2so you crushed these men due accordance with the laws of evidence and the long established rules of commerne your school time friend; one your cial transactions between man and man. He was right. The verdict was in favor old business partner; one your dead sister's son; and one your benefactor whefi you of the corporation

A few days afterward a writer sat in the meeting room of the New York Harbor Pilots, in State street. A northeaster with wet armfulls of sleet was annihilating New York for business purposes and maxing it pretty. The writing person had just asked the pilots to tell him some adventure stories for publication to an anxious world, and the demand had stricken them quite speech-less. To relieve the tedium, he told some stories himself, land ones; and among them

showing. And thirty thousand dollars is a lot of money.' 'Right you are, Cap'n Bill," said another

SPANISH BUILT

I GUESS"

what it is today, harmless enough, however

pilot, getting up and shaking himself into his overcoat, "right you are. I guess there ain't any of us that wouldn't put up a ter-rible rastle for thirty thousand dollars." "I'd like to see just the tail end of it come my way," said the third and last man, get-ting up. "I'd snatch at it and it wouldn't be my fault if any other feller got it away from me. Come on, boys. It's time to get down to Tompkinsville if we want to use the tide down to the Hook." And off they went, nodding "goodbye" and leaving the poor writer utterly story-

\* \*
Three weeks afterward the pilot schooner Shinnecock was jerking head on into it, seventy-five miles east by south from Sandy Hook, with just enough of her mainsail showing to keep her hove to in the south-erly gale. There was no half gale about it, either. When the Shinnecock stopped cruising and stayed to ride a thing out head that thing had to be something that

This thing had stirred the sea for three days, bringing in sheeting white snow storms and cold black winter fogs and all other manner of sea-pests. Captain Bill and the other two pilots were

still aboard. Not a one of the gales that blew had blown a ship into their sight. They had cruised from the fog factory of Block Island clear and away eastward to the Georges, and all the while their horizon question of crushing about it. There was a question of thirty thousand dollars between us, and it belonged to me by right. I beat them fair and square. It was a mere matter of business."

The clever lawyer, who knew the value of a speech too well to permit anybody else to make one, shouted four separate objective.

There was a note from her stories himself, land ones; and among them the story of this lawsuit.

There was a note from her captain on the cabin table saying that her captain on the cabin table saying that her captain on the cabin the story of this lawsuit.

There was a note from her captain of the days when pliots grow had made him desert her and go abourd a fruiter. If we could salve her each man aboard them up, busted one of them higher than a kite, and cleaned out his benefactor."

There was a note from her captain on the cabin of crew had made him desert her and go aboard a fruiter. If we could salve her played a lone hand. So three weeks and the story of this lawsuit.

There was a note from her captain on the cabin on the cabin and remained unbroken by spar or stack.

This was before the days when pliots grow had remained unbroken by spar or stack.

This was before the days when plots or captain on the cabin and remained unbroken by spar or stack.

This was before the days when plots or captain on the cabin and remained unbroken by spar or stack.

There was a note from her the days when plots or captain on the cabin and remained unbroken by spar or stack.

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There was a note from her the days when plots or captain or the story of this lawsuit.

The clever laws a note from her than a the file and his dremained unbroken by spar or stack.

This was before the days when plots or captain or the cabin and remained unbroken by spar or stack.

The clever had remained unbroken by spar or stack.

The clever had remained unbroken by spar or stac

pected us to go crazy because another feller got thirty thousand dollars out of his friends," said Captain Hank. "I'd eat my own brother alive for a chance to take in even a fore-and-after right now that don't

large tracts of lands more or less in a state

THIRD PRIZE

DRH.S.SMITH

524 PIERCE PL N.W

The Shinnecock gave point to his remarks by diving with a choking gurgle "Sail ho-o-o-o-o!" came from the mastinto a ridge of water that seemed to have Before the hail had wandered away with stormed clean from Spain, growling like the wind, Captain Silas was clambering up the foremast with a glass. He slid down a snowball on the way. Two hundred feet away the sea was breaking on the wreck again in deep disgust.
"Our luck's sticking to us good," he like heavy guns, and the spray-smoke drifted clear to the schooner and pelted her

growled. "It's a wreck. S'pose now, to spars beating up to her." Up went the foresheet in response to orders that were shouted before he ceased peaking. A green sea spilled along her length-the first salute of the Atlantic to the black fighter that was coming

to the ring again.
"Looks as if she'd been a bark," said "Looks as if she'd been a bark," said Captain Silas, steadying his long brass telescope on Captain Hank's shoulder. "Two of her masts were chopped away. The other fell of itself, judging by signs. Spanish built, I guess. Heavy laden, too, and sinking by the stern. Not a soul aboard. What do you say? Shall we let her go? We'll have the devil's own time beating to her." "Ste's in the steamer track." said Hank. "Ste's in the steamer track," said Hank.
"We had ought to stand by her till night, and if she don't sink by then we must set fire to her or put a light aboard."

So the Shinnecock staggered along, drowning herself at every plunging jigstep, striving to reach the wreck, while the wind strove ever to blow her back. When she hove to in the lee of the derelict at last it was nearly dusk. The bark had sunk so much by the stern that the sea was breaking in surf up to her cabin as if it were a shelving beach; but her bow stood up high and showed above the waves like a fretted rock.

"She makes a good lea," said Captair Hank. "If we run up close, there won't be any trouble about getting aboard her. I guess we'll have to do it, for she isn't going to sink for hours yet. Pass a can of kerosene and a lot of dry tow into the deck, plunged into the sea and came aboard,

werosene and a lot of dry tow into the yawl there," he shouted, "and let me have two volunteers to take me aboard."

Viewed strictly as a nautical proposition, there may have been "no trouble about getting aboard." Viewed with a landsman's eye, it was shaking dice with destiny, Trouble came hungrily at the little yawl from four quarters at once. But Captain Hank and the kerosene got there, which was the only point that interested the sole spectators out there on the Atlantic.
Captain Hank climbed up the slope, gained the cabin and dipped below. On

the Shinnecock, shuffling uneasily in the eye of the wind, the others were getting impatient. "What's keeping Hank?" complained Silas. "Is he going to set up house keeping?" Ten minutes passed.

"Something must have happened him," said Captain Bill. "Ahoy! The yaw!!"
But then the great shoulders of Captain Hank emerged from the cabin. He strode to the splintered side and leaped into the yawl as if he were a flower fairy, instead of hairy six-footer.

a hairy six-footer.

"Couldn't you fire her?" asked Silas, who had been watching vainly for smoke.

"Could, but wouldn't," said Captain Hank. "That thing's got fine sherry and port wine aboard till you can't rest. Here's her manifest. There was a note from her captain on the cabin table saying that her crew had made him desert her and go aboard a fruiter. If we could salve her

on deck, three pilots shook hands in ec-stasy. Capt Silas had studied the manifest in the cabin, and returned with the report that the cargo was surely worth at least thirty thousand dollars. o'clock, and the stormy dawn showed

the bark still riding, though she lay very deep now. "She'il keep, all right," said Capt. Hank. "We're making four knots an hour, and if we can hold on till this evening we'll be ahead thirty thousand dollars." Noon-and the schooner's masts still held though each tough spar bent so hard that it almost made man feel sympathy with the agony of the wood. Trio after trio had taken turns at the labor of the wheel. Every man aboard was glassy with ice. At every slip into a hollowed sea and every spasmodle ascent to a crest of wave, the steel cable resounded sharply like gunfire. But the Shinnecock was within thirty-four miles of the Hook.

Eight hours more, and her tow would be

safe in shoal water. "Sall ho-o-o-o-o!"

Against the pale sky it showed, disheveled and grotesque—a two-master, squatting low. An American flag was whipping in the gale. It was union down.
"Our luck!" said Capt. Hank. "Here's our yawl gone, and a fishing smack in dis-tress has to come and bother us." "She's getting it good and plenty, too," growled Bill, taking her in through the tele

scope. "Eight men aboard, dories all gons, mainboom smashed, foresall carried away and the seas making a clean breach over her. She can't live another hour." The three looked at each other, roared Bill through the storm. "She may break at any moment or dive under. And "Cut away!" yelled Capt. Bill like a bull

Down went two axes, obedient to the word. The steel cable smashed into the deep, and the Shinnecock sprang forward, a thing released.
Up went headsails. The pilot boat drove

like a race horse to save life. Astern, the derelict, weighted down at the bow by the sagging cable and freed from the pull. swung off broadside to the mighty sea and took it green over her bruised starboard. To tell how the Shinnecock too't off the crew of the sinking Fulton Market fishing smack that day, without boats; how her splendid men drove her close to the wreck, in that sea that would have crushed both vessels like eggs had they touched for even an instant, and how the smack dived down, bow first, scarcely five minutes after the last man had hurled himself off her and been dragged aboard the pilot boat—that would be a story in itself worthy many

The story of the derelict is easier to tell. Half an hour after she was cut loose, what with the starboard sea and the sag of the three-ton steel cable hanging down from her poor bow, she turned her stern quarter to the waves and went down like a tin pail when it fills.

They saw her go on the Shinnecock. But they were too busy pulling fishermen aboard to look twice, and far too busy to say anything.

If you meet Capt. Bill or Capt. Silas Capt. Hank today and ask about it, they will look at you in a far-away manner and say: "Oh, yes. We DID hook on to an old barkle one day, but we couldn't hold her. Had to let her go. There wasn't anything interesting about it as we could tell you."

## Street Signs. From the Boston Herald.

The Italian city of Milan is to try a novel experiment in street signs. They have had the different illuminated and painted signs on street corners and they have not given satisfaction, and so the city authorities have decided to put brass signs at each street crossing, which are to be inserted in the pavement. The use of the electric light at many street corners where previously a gas lamp was located has resulted in leaving lamp was located has resulted in leaving strangers quite in the dark as to the name of the street. The lamp post with the name of the street in legible letters is about the most satisfactory street sign ever produced for this part of the world, although it is a common comment that American street lighting is inferior to that of continental cities. The experiment of Milan in putting the brass letters in the pavement might solve the problem for a city where might solve the problem for a city where there was no snow, but it would be entirely useless for Boston. This whole matter of indicating streets has occasioned many controversies, and one New York official once succeeded in getting that city to put the name of the street on the lamp posts with succeeded in getting that city to put the name of the street on the lamp posts with the letters running the wrong way. He claimed that it was the best possible method of indicating the streets, but the custom of having the name of the street run in the same direction as the street itself could not be overcome, and his scheme was abandoned. Street lights may be made ornamental as well as useful, and Paris is a notable example of what can be done in the way of utilizing light to the best advantage.

From the London Queen.

In Denmark, when the queen visits her old home, she wears dresses that are quite different from those worn by her majesty in England. One who knows the queen says that it is with a desire to please her father, the King of Denmark, that Queen Alexandra appears in white or cream gowing of very simple detail, such as she wore always before her marriage.

LIFE OF A BANKNOTE.

Dirty and Worn Paper Currency Should Not Circulate.

From the New York Times. The letters which we receive upon the

subject started by Mr. Schiff are encouraging in their number, as showing the vitality of the topic, but discouraging in their contents, as showing an inappreciation of anything except American practice. We say it is discouraging in showing acquaintance only with American practice because American practice is the worst on earth. As respects our currency, it may be necessary to make an exception of the Transvaal, for it, too, has a bond-secured currency, but we do not at the moment recall any other. And it is this currency, condemned by all entitled to disinterested authority, which is praised by our law-makers and by gentlemen evidently weil acquainted with local banking practices and prejudices, who favor us with letters objecting to banknote currency because it is so much trouble and so offensive to

handle paper worn with age.

Why are our banknotes worn with age: The filthy contents of almost any pocket-book containing them attests the fact that our banknotes are current 730 days, which is just about 700 too many. The statement is meant literally. A banknote's life ought to correspond roughly with the life of a bank check. In Scotland, where they have true banknotes, their life is eighteen days. Canadian banknotes survive thirty days. The contrast between the period of their currency and the currency of our own bank paper is suggestive of something more than the inconvenience of having dirty money in our pocketbooks or bank this. It corresponds to the difference between sound and unsound principles of banking.

The life of a true banknote ought to correspond to the time necessary to complete a mercantile transaction. It is doubt-less true that even the soundest banknotes would pass through more hands and sur-vive longer than invididuals' checks, but there is no limitation to the principle that they ought to come into existence when they have work to do, and go out of existence when their work is done. banknotes last only 730 days because, as Mr. Roe suggests, they will not hang together any longer. It is possible to imagine a greenback of the original issue as still in existence. The Bank of England de-stroys every note which it pays off. It no more issues the same note twice than a man uses a check twice, and for the same reason in principle. To object to a bank-note currency because it is troublesome to assort and redeem it betrays inapprecia-tion of the fact that it is aged and tat-tered because in the true sense it is not banknote currency at all. They are certificates for bonds, and our currency cor responds to the volume of available bonds and not to the volume of business requiring banknotes for its transaction. Our cor-respondent emphasizes the flithiness of the paper. To us the unsoundness of the principle seems the important matter. It has relation to the fact that we are in danger of losing gold at a most illogical time But that is another story.

Queen Alexandra in Denmark